

ADIRAMLE

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ISSUED EVERY FULL MOON.
\$1.00 A YEAR.

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"I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending;
the one who is, and the one who was, and the one who is coming
the all powerful."

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden
manna, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a
new name written."

THE GOAL OF LIFE

Life is a process of learning, experimenting.
Thou learnest what thou dost finally need
By calling to thyself what thou thinkest thou needest;
And what thou thinkest thou needest thou dost actually need,
To learn that thou needest it not!
Thou dost learn by self-gratification—
Thou canst not injure thyself!

Time is long; life is long.
If thou blunderest into death thou wilt find it a door,
Even as pain, disease, poverty, failure are doors.
Thou canst make no mistakes.
Mistake is a false name for a true guide-post.
Happy he who learns without pain, disease, poverty, failure.
Are there such?
If thou art such, judge not the slow learners.

Call not the experiments of others sins.
There is no sin!
Whatsoever a man doeth is right in its time and place.
Each man doeth the best he can!
Pamper not thyself with the thought that thou doest better than another.

Selfrighteousness is ignorance!
Thou art nor better nor worse than another.
Thou art on thy way.
He is on his way.
Thy ways are different; thy goal the same—**self-expression.**

— HUGH O. PENTECOST in Lucifer.

I believe the things that Christian Socialism
stand for. . . It is God's way out of the wilderness
into the promised land. It is the very marrow and
fatness of Christ's gospel. It is Christianity ap-
plied. Oh, that I were young again, and it should
have my life!

I would take, not by force, but by the slow
progress of lawful acquisition through better
legislation as the outcome of a wiser ballot in the
hands of men and women, the entire plan that we
call civilization . . . and make it the common prop-
erty of all the people, requiring all to work
enough with the hands to give the finest physical
development, but not enough to become burdensome
in any case, and permitting all to share the advan-
tages of education and refinement. I believe this
to be perfectly practicable—indeed, that any other
method is simply a relic of barbarism. I believe
that competition is doomed. . . What the Socialist
desires is that the corporation of humanity should
control all production. Beloved comrades, this is
the frictionless way; it is the higher law; it elimi-
nates the motives for a selfish life; it enacts into
our everyday living the ethics of Christ's gospel.
Nothing else will do it; nothing else can bring the
glad day of universal brotherhood.—Francis E.
Willard.

MESSAGES FROM URANIA. I

CAPRICORN-JACOB

The day has dawned, Oh mortal of the earth,
In whose bright light thou shalt behold
The forms and shapes of shadows, viewed
As spectres, ghosts and goblins of the night.

In thy most sacred Book, thou hast a record
Of prophets, priests and patriarchs,
Who dwelt, 'tis said, upon the earth,
Living, rejoicing, suffering, dying, as men.

They are not so; they are but images
Of thought—figures, types, ideas—
Wafted from higher mind to thine,
Implanted there as seeds of transformation.

And, springing up within the savage breast,
The tree of reason bears its fruit
Of Justice, Virtue, Truth and Love,
By which thou'rt lifted so much nearer heaven.

Jacob, the Israel whom thou dost revere,
Is but the Lord of Solar spheres;
Nor yet the Sun that shines in space,
But something still more wonderful and near.

His sons, like labors twelve of Hercules,
Are symbols of conditions, states
Of Solar matter, quite unknown,
But which thine eye may see, thy hand enfold.

Search for this wonder o'er the wooded hills,
And dig for it beneath the rocks;
For thou shalt find it, slumbering,
Within the precious stone that Venus kissed.

Herein are synthetized all potencies
Of Water, Earth, of Fire and Air,
Seen as a magnet of the Sun,
And hence we call it *Luna*, Isis-veiled.

Invisible it is to sight, until
By Understanding, art and skill,
It is brought forth in nudity.
Then man awakes to know himself as God.

For in his hand he holds both *Sol* and *Luna*,
And may thereby create a world
Of which he is the Supreme Lord,
And all its creatures are his loving vassals.

Our *Sol* is Jacob, laboring for Laban
To win Rachel, the lamb, as bride,
Who is no other than our *Moon*,
The type of whiteness, purity and love.

When Jacob wakes with weariness from sleep,
His eye beholds not his ideal;
For Leah, sun-burned, dark and brown,
Lies by his side and claims him as her spouse.

This is that natural, wondrous separation,
Of Argillous Alumina
From primal waters of the sea,
Which Man, the potter, turns upon his wheel.

To win sweet Rachel is a task of years—
Months only, in our Magic Art,
For Rachel is but Leah purified,—
And naught but generation brings her forth.

This strange poem came to me on the first day
of January, and with it a revelation of the Patri-
arch Jacob and his Twelve Sons, which throws an
entirely new light on Astrology, showing it to be
wholly of Alchemical origin, a thing I have long
suspected.

Following is the revelation: The word Capri-
corn, commonly rendered as Goat's Horn, though
allied to the "scapegoat" of Jewish ceremonialism
that bore the sins of the congregation—itsself a type
of the Messiah, is really not derived from *caper*, *capri*,
the goat, but is a corruption of *Cabiri*, the ancient
priests of Helios, the Sun; and the *corn*, or horn
attachment, like the Uni-corn of English heraldry,
means the crescent *moon*. Capricorn, then, is a
compound word, signifying a conjunction of *Sun*
and *Moon*.

As no unusual conjunction of this kind takes
place at the time of the winter solstice, it becomes
plain to the occultist that this signified union has
no reference whatever to celestial but rather to
terrestrial phenomena.

It represents the two aspects of that marvelous
and unique thing known as *Lapis Philosophorum* or
Philosopher's Stone, known to be divisible into two
distinct forms, symbolized for various reasons as *Sol*
and *Luna*. The matter of this stone, in its first
or lowest condition, is said to be in Capricorn (*Sol*
and *Luna*), of which Saturn is the ruling planet.
Saturn symbolizes the aggressive, expansive, con-
structive or creating force, working secretly in
darkness through the medium of heat and moisture,
calcination and sublimation, to effect the marvel
of natural transmutation.

It is for this reason alone that Saturn appears
dominant in Capricorn and that the sign is placed
in midwinter, the season of apparent cold and life-
lessness; when, however, Nature is accomplishing
without, certain wonderful phenomena which the
artist, Man, may imitate within.

Every man who is prepared to die rather than
renounce truth and justice is most truly living, for
immortality abides in his soul.—Eliphas Levi:

IN the glory of a new awakening, people are ris-
ing to shake off the fetters of false superstition,
to reject their servility and to repudiate their thral-
dom.

The theological bugaboo of Satan, which the
Baptist and other story-book makers have so long
introduced into the nursery of humanity to fright-
en it into subjection, is to the grown-up men and
women of this world no more than a stuffed donkey;
in fact, they have traced its descent back through
a long lineage of griffins and hobgoblins to Bacchus
Sabazius, the Great Ass of the ancient oriental
taxidermists. Only the few who, in their devotion
to commercialism or to special arts, may have neg-
lected to think or investigate along higher lines,
still remain to pay their pew-rent and enjoy a quiet
doze under the soothing monotony of ye moss-
grown churchly mill-stones, grumbling the same
old grind.

The mass of people are learning to think for
themselves. A great reformation is taking place.
Not such a reformation as was headed by Luther
and Melancthon, but a hydra-headed reformation,
wherein every man is using his own head.

The result is a gradual crumbling away of re-
ligious institutions. The power of the priest is
gone, for every man is becoming his own priest,
and finding in conscience his true confessor.

The monopoly of soul-saving has been de-
stroyed by sectarianism. The concentration of
force is now diverted from ecclesiastical to mone-
tary channels.

It is, after all, but a transference of effort.
Whereas, the burning question once was, How may
I insure my prospects for future bliss? it now is,
How may I invest my money to the best advantage?

This condition is decried by modern Jeremiahs
as a woeful plunge into materialism, but it is really
a coming safely to land after a long and perilous
sky-voyage.

We see the same problem being worked out be-
low which was speculatively solved above.

Men, timid of their own powers, delegate other
men to think for them, to make their laws, control
their estates, manage their business; hence ensues
the impoverishment of the masses, legislative cor-
ruption, the massing of wealth—in a word we see
the old ecclesiastic form of government operating
on another plane. The ancient Egyptian hierarch
has become the modern political boss.

In the same way that he had a right to rule
Egypt and enslave a nation to build a royal cata-
comb, he now has a right to absorb the toil of a
people to erect himself a princely palace.

He rules and has ever ruled by virtue of the
assertion of his own inherent dominance.

The masses are enslaved as they have always
been enslaved, simply from their failure to recog-

nize that they possess the same inherent powers. (3)

But it will come to them on this plane as it came to them on the other. One after another will arise in his might and majesty as a leader and draw a number about him. This means sectionalization. It means disintegration. It means death to the institution.

Already we see this at work in politics. The old parties are splitting up, new parties are coming into the field.

Just now many people are alarmed at the concentration of wealth and its corporative control. Fear not, it will be scattered soon enough.

Just as soon as every man demonstrates a way of manufacturing his own wealth, he can and will laugh at combinations and trusts, and defy the octopus to absorb him and his resources.

What we want and need is a cessation of personal *dependence* and the establishment of individual *independence*. To me it is a pitiable sight to see a man with his hands in his pockets waiting for a job to turn up. It's a little better if he is hunting the job; but Oh, how transcendently much grander if he is working to evolve something out of himself.

I don't care even if he lives in a garret, working by day on some idea, and begging his bread at night. He runs a good chance of one day being independent through his invention. In the other case he shuts up his own mind and hires himself out to follow the dictates of another mind, which is really only a species of beggary and added slavery.

Be independent, do something that will gain you recognition—something that will cause the dollars to be eagerly handed up to you. This is genuine success, and when it comes to you, you feel like a hero. You have accomplished something for your fellow men, for which they are rewarding you. The money they give freely is but a small token of that higher gratitude which you feel beaming upon you from all sides. Then, for perhaps the first time, you realize that the money you have so long prayed for is as nothing compared to that greater, higher realization of personal power and independence—in a word, **INDIVIDUALITY**.

THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE

AS we live in increasing conscious agreement with our environment do we more readily express the higher harmonies of existence. Our inner life is deep and full in proportion to the extent of our conscious harmonies with other lives and things. And our continual ascent to the higher planes of spiritual growth meets with the minimum of opposition, for we proceed along the path of love and peace—the Line of Least resistance. In the words of Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*:

"Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at least can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey."

—Eugene Del Mar
in *Spiritual and Material Attraction*.

LOVE

Love laughs at fate and baffles time,
Although we met but yesterday,
My spirit tells me we have known
Each other since the earliest prime,—
And ever holding mutual sway—
I yours and you my own alone.

Love masters all the years to be,
Though we may never meet again
Beneath the bright, benignant sun,
I know that when from matter free
Our souls will never rest in twain,
But coalesce and be as one.

—Songs of the Heart, by Wm. E. S. Fales.

FADS AND FOODS

(Continued from last issue.)

THE lower the form in the scale of evolution, the more crude and impure we find this volatile Vital Spirit, and the more labor is devolved upon the system to purify and exalt it to a proper degree, suitable to subserve the present physical economy. Nature has her own peculiar, alchemical methods of transmutation. If, for example, the starch in vegetables was not thus changed to sugar, from which our Vital Spirit may be rectified, vegetables would be totally unfit to eat.

As it is, the exclusive vegetarian, unless addicted to fasting, will have an overworked liver, like the Christmas, stall-fed goose; and Charon will at last ferry him over, all the same as if he had been addicted to meat-eating, though he is more likely to escape tuberculosis and tape-worm than his carnivorous brother.

According to common chemical analysis foods are classified under two general heads:

1. Nitrogenous compounds, or flesh-formers.
2. Carbonaceous compounds, or heat-producers.

The former group are found in both animal and vegetable kingdoms, under forms known as albumin, fibrin, gelatine, etc. The latter group embraces starch, sugar and fat.

To the above another division is also added, viz., the Mineral, consisting of various salts and phosphates. The carbonaceous, or non-nitrogenous foods, appear in our system as the builders, and in this sense may be said to contain the Vital Spirit pervading the whole physical life-expression—the energy which actually creates from the nitrogenous or positive, aerial, elements, together with the mineral, or negative, earthly elements, the entire human body, as we know it.

It is apparent that while there should be great judgment exercised in food-selection, yet observation and experience show that all denial of Nature's demands, expressed through desire, or appetite, results abortively.

It is certainly best and wisest for the average man, as now constituted, to employ a mixed diet according to his taste, avoiding all excesses.

"Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man."

The meat eater will eliminate from his diet a great surplus of purely animal spirit—a spirit having the impress of a lower consciousness, which cannot fail to tinge the higher human expression with its own characteristics.

As a vital force, or energy, it is, naturally, a tremendous worker, more destructive than constructive, which explains the ravenous appetites of large meat-eaters.

The *quality* of spirit derived from grasses and vegetables, as distilled in lower animal organisms, is higher in grade, or vibrational force, than that normally rectified by the human organism, itself, direct from grains and fruits.

It is, in fact, too high, just as the spirit of wood, Naphtha, is too low, to be really serviceable in the human economy.

It is an alchemical principle that the positive and negative elements of a body must be derived from the same root, or plane of activity, in order that they blend and operate together harmoniously.

I am free to admit that the line of demarcation between the higher animals and the lower men is not strikingly apparent, and that on certain planes flesh-eating is still a necessity.

I further say that the taste will accurately indicate when conditions change.

Speaking of bodies, we may observe that the mineral body is absorbed by the vegetable, and the vegetable by the animal; but *we* are seeking the evolution not of bodies but of souls. Now soul is derived from Sol, the Sun, and is to be found potentially and elementally in fruits: "By their *fruits* ye shall know them."

The frugiferous is the true solar kingdom between the mineral and the man, uniting in itself the purest vegetable and mineral products, already distilled and rectified by nature to that degree that they are rendered easily assimilable by the soular builders within the body of man.

And since we discover that these elements may be *further* perfected by human Art, we are convinced that the words of Paul in his letter to the Corinthians (chap. 15) have a scientific and demonstrable basis.

"So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

Out of the old life into the new,
Out of the vain life into the true,
Out of the road where sinners fall,
Into the path where God saves all.
The work He has chosen for us to do
Is only given to the courageous few;
For it demands a Soul, a Life and all
To down hypocrisy at every call.
Be just to all — not to a few —
Then success and joy will come to you.
So with a firm tread, and conquering strife,
We'll march on to victory and eternal life.
As we go out of the old into the new,
I wish you a happy 1902.

—GEO. HALSEY TUTTILL.

The December number of ADIRAMLED brought a flood of compliments, and many loving remembrances.

"Oh that Christmas might come every day!" used to be my childish wish, and it has come into full realization; for every day brings its shower of blessings and loving tokens from friends all over the world.

Heaven bless the grand Millennial Host! Friends of the Host, remember when you write to send in your cards for that Autograph Album I am compiling.

My printer, back in Ohio, telephated me on the eve of Jan. 5 that with the departure of ADIRAMLED light and success had gone out of his life, as it had come in with it a year ago.

Though I had designed to issue it here, I immediately forwarded him the initial pages of this issue, assuring him that he is the only man who understands just how to print ADIRAMLED. Our letters crossed.

When we get the wires to working this way they should never be cut.

ADIRAMLED is a mascot to everyone who comes within the circle of its influence. It brings success and it brings happiness. What more can be desired?

My dear friend S. Arbor West, of "Thee Word" writes me a very sweet and congratulatory letter, a paragraph of which I must print for the inspiration of my readers.

"My fait, true 'Adiramled':—I appreciate the simplicity of thy Sun-woven garment! In truth art thou clothed in the Sun! Sweet and fragrant with the breath of Life are thy Words. Beautiful art thou in the realization of thine own DIVINITY! How child-like are they who, unconscious of the even flow of their own strength, dare to walk through the valley of the shadow of Death,—*fearing no evil!* Away with death; Man breathes the Light of his own Divinity!"

Sylvester Arbor is a real live human being, warm hearted, energetic and enterprising, and THEE WORD is being heard everywhere.

Here is the best little joke yet, showing that Sylvester is not a bit slow. (From "Thee Word" of Dec.) "Why did Adiramled leave Chicago? Because she couldn't take it with her, I presume."

The Dr. is going to follow my suit next month and give us a picture of the "Not I." Some day we'll sit for the Real, won't we Doctor?

Elizabeth Towne has gone and stole some of my thunder in a criticism on a recent article appearing in "Mind," under the caption, "Absent Treatments in Healing." I was just laying for this writer, but what Elizabeth has done to him is a plenty, and completely wipes out the whole arsenal of them that regard mental healing as a kind of long-range bombardment, which requires a spe-

cial gun, special ammunition, special training and (5)
lots of deliberation.

This writer contends that at least twenty minutes a day should be devoted to every mental treatment, and makes this the basis of argument against the practice of certain healers, whose methods have recently been called in question.

Mrs. Towne clearly shows from her own experience that when the healer is in the right mental condition as supposedly she always should be, that healing is instantaneous; and she argues that just as she might reach a roomful of people with her spoken voice, so she could reach an invisible multitude with her thought voice. Amen, I say!

I used to wonder why I came in contact with so many singular and erratic people. It seemed that no sooner had I disengaged myself from a crank of one species than another fastened himself to me. Every man had a malady.

At last I awoke to the realization that these experiences were but a series of mirrors in which it was designed that I should view myself until I came into consciousness of my own defects.

I am constantly besieged with requests to be interviewed by friends, patrons, reporters, etc.

To close the door against curiosity seekers, idlers, life insurance agents, etc., is not difficult; but to refuse to see those whom one knows, and feels are genuinely *worthy* of friendship—those with whom one has been long acquainted in spirit, that is, indeed, hard to do.

If I did not have the very best of reasons—not personal, but impersonal—for so doing, I should not do it. In a word, if I did not know that personal intercourse is a barrier to spiritual unfoldment, I would certainly not do it.

I realize by long experience what many have never once thought to consider, viz., That the real influence of the mind is lost through intimacy, because people see and judge intellectually and not intuitionally.

Each one has his or her *own peculiar ideal*, or standard, and you are measured by this.

Friends, be free to let me be free to speak the word of Freedom.

"The most perfect friendships I ever made were with men and women whom I never met in the flesh. I have been a pastor and formed friendships at the bedside of the sick and the dying; but friends I have made through the Silent Word are closer to my heart than any others. This all shows beyond question that the world is to be redeemed by the Silent Word."—T. J. Shelton in Christian.

"The hour of trial has its sweetness, inasmuch as it rids us of fair weather friends—weeds in the garden of friendship."—William Walker Atkinson in Journal of Magnetism.

HEALING AND SUCCESS TREATMENTS

MISFORTUNE and sickness are the result of ignorance, Success and health, of enlightenment.

Just so long as you believe in fatality—a power outside of yourself working against you or for you *capriciously*, you are likely to suffer from the fear engendered by your own thought.

To pay another for healing you, or for bringing you success, is, after all, only a shifting of personal responsibility, a clinging to the superstition of vicarious atonement.

You are IT. No one else can become a mediator between you and the Almighty, who is yourself. The sooner you realize this, the sooner you will stand upon your own feet, facing the East.

What, then, can I do for you? I can point you to the path, I can carry the light ahead—but I cannot take one single step *for* you.

My whole work is TEACHING.

Through teaching I lift up the fallen, give hope to the despondent. You may, in your weakness, lean upon the strong arm of Love, but Love will finally teach you to stand, and stand alone.

Is there, then, no *mental* treatment? Beloved, there is *no other* treatment. But, really, you do not receive this in any other way than through *teaching*, nor are you taught in any other way save *mentally*.

You imagine a personal, *present* teacher to be necessary. Now think. If the teacher be near, he is yet at *some* distance. He does not convey his thought to you by a movement of the lips, but through *mental impress*.

If this can be accomplished over a distance of a few feet, why not a few miles?

It has been demonstrated over and over a million times that for thought transference there is no space.

Distance lends enhancement to the impress.

My strong, positive thought displaces your weak, negative thought. My loving thought irradiates the dark thought of hate. For the time being I am you.

If, then, you are sick, in trouble or distress, write to me in fullest confidence and tell me all about it. Confession is good for the soul. It does good to unload your burden.

If possible, enclose \$1.00, and I will take time to write you a long letter, which will be priceless to you if you heed my advice.

I live to do you good.

If at any time you sign a bond with Satan, be sure that it will fall due and that you will have to pay it with interest.

BUSINESS ADVICE

A FRIEND writes to me, desiring to know if he should borrow money to engage in a large business enterprise that promises well. I have written him as follows:

I will reply to your question first from the standpoint of the *very highest thought*, where all debt is seen as the *devil*. It is error from beginning to end and works out so. But, if a man has not so *proved* it to his own satisfaction, he is likely to do so through *experience*.

What is the ideal of success? A great lot of business,—a head full of figures, a heart full of care? A pile of money to win, and when won to dispose of?

If you go into anything with a steady and unwavering *faith*, you *will* attain the result sought.

Fear is the only cause of failure. Can you go into debt without a particle of fear? If you *can*, you need not fear *even* the Devil.

But how *difficult* this is, *because* there is an element of *uncertainty* in *every speculation*.

To me there is *no* speculation. I *know* I will succeed in *everything* I am led into. But I am grounded on a rock of independence. I *will not borrow!* I grant, men make;—gamblers win, *but* they ultimately *lose*. And *if* they retain some of the *cash*, they still have lost more than its value to them in other ways.

Real success begins just at that moment when you are a *free man*. I don't care if you haven't over five cents to start on. Grand success may pile up on a nickel-basis, if you **KEEP YOUR MIND FREE** and every day *trust* a little deeper and a little *more* reliantly on the Power that accomplishes **ALL THINGS**.

You are appealing to a power of Fatality. It is a *good power*, if you *regard* it so, and will land you all right.

This is the principle, the *plank* I would stand on. Go a little slower, do a smaller business, be freer mentally, enjoy life more, see *how much* of real good, solid satisfaction you can get out of *each day*.

I would never think of thinking of tomorrow.

If I feel impelled to, I *know* I am getting greedy—I cut off something, and live in the **ETERNAL NOW**.

I do not know as this is the advice you are after. If you wish to know whether a venture will come out as you desire, I cannot say, neither can any one living on this globe say. Plenty will pretend to. There are too many factors in the equation. I always, however, get a mental impression that guides me aright. The voice said the moment I opened your letter, "NO!"

If it were I, I should trust the voice.

But whatever you do, *Success* awaits you in the end, *even* if you pass through seeming failures to win it.

Do not *fear* anything but **FEAR!**

I can only make a very few Character Readings this month. Not over five or six. But they will be fine and full.

These are really getting to be great productions. Everybody acknowledges it.

The following beautiful expression is a good sample of the many loving testimonials I receive on this work:

(6)

Dear Adiramled:—"At last, at last!" I have wanted to thank you for that "Reading" ever since I first read it, with a kind of awe, that made me still for hours thereafter, and I love to be still—oh! *so still*.

Three times I have perused that wonderful "Reading" with earnest eagerness, and each time with a deeper and surer certainty of its truth.

What shall I say! Words must fail when feeling is so strong.

These readings occupy me sometimes a whole day. I affix a price of \$3.00 for the labor involved.

The data required are name, date of birth, parents' names. Don't furnish initials, as I require the *full name*. If a lady, your given name, not your husband's.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS

SPIRITUAL and Material Attraction, a conception of Unity, by Eugene Del Mar. Published Denver, Col., the Smith-Brooks Printing Co. Price not given. I think it is \$1.00. It is worth \$100.00. Do not fail to read this masterly work.

Evolution of the Individual, by Frank Newland Dowd, M. D. The Reynolds Publishing Company, 53 Slate St., Chicago, Ill. Those who are familiar with Mr. Dowd's writings need no commendatory assurances concerning their value. This little book is truly *multum in parvo*.

A Course of Instructions in the Science of Biochemistry, by George W. Carey, San Francisco. Also by the same author, The Biochemic System of Medicine. It is an error not to print the price on every book. I think the price of the former is \$1, the latter \$4.00. Write to the author, who is the leader of Medical Reform.

Journal of Magnetism, edited by Sidney Flower and William Walker Atkinson, The Auditorium Building, Chicago. If you want a shock of the right stuff to set you right and set you thinking, send right off for the December Number. \$1.00 per year, samples 10 cents.

Lucifer, edited by M. Harmon, Published Weekly at 500 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill. \$1.00 per year. A radical, up-to-date Journal that handles every thing that needs it with gloves off.

It is an earnest advocate of Scientific Socialism and Ideal Anarchy. (I wish they'd change this word to Met(a)-archy.)

If anyone has a scheme they wish to keep dark keep it out of range of this Search-Light "Lucifer."

The Reasoner. Edited by Jacob K. Tuley, San Luis Obispo, California. Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

A free lance that cuts keen and true to the line. I enjoy the editorials of this magazine better than of any daily published. Send for a sample.

For those who are wandering in the wilderness of despair or lost in the labyrinth of doubt, I recommend most heartily **THE PATHFINDER**, edited by Edgar Wallace Conable and published at Roswell, Colorado, monthly, \$1.00 per year. It is a large twelve-page paper, brimful of truth and inspiration for all.

The Free Comrade, edited by J. Wm. Lloyd, and published by P. A. Ballou, Wellesley Hills, Mass., 50 cents per year, formerly bi-monthly, starts out as a monthly for 1902. This is a little paper of eight little pages, but each copy is to me as a diamond solitaire in a pure gold setting. If you have not found this, you have missed something rare. No judge of gems will pass it by.

THE SOUL'S ASPIRATION

BY A STUDENT

I will find Thee, O God!
If not in all earth's broad and vast domain,
Perhaps in other worlds that round me roll,
Or in Eternity's grand and sweet refrain.

I will hear Thy Voice,
If not in gentle murmurings of the breeze,
Perhaps in cyclones' swift and deadly flight,
Or in the listless sighing of the trees.

I will feel Thy Touch,
If not in death's drear, dismal, chilling grasp,
Perhaps in winter's fierce and howling blast,
Or in summer's gentle, warming clasp.

I will know Thy Love,
If not when life's duties around me press,
Perhaps when Love and Wisdom doth combine
With the knowledge of my greater-ness.

I will see Thy Face,
If not in nature's handiwork divine,
Perhaps within my very self I'll find
That God, My God, Omnipotent doth shine.

Yea, I will find thee, God,
Though my whole life in search be spent.
I've not far to seek, just within, I know
I cannot fail, then why should I lament?

—GEORGE.

As I interfere with no man's beliefs, neither do I desire to interfere with his peace of mind against his will. I think that I am doing God's work, but there be those who do not think so. There be those who do not believe that God's work can be done in any way that differs from their way. Some people think that they are serving God by stirring up strife and controversy. They want to argue and contend for their beliefs. They are anxious to convert you to their way of thinking. But that is not my style. I want harmony. I tread on people's corns now and then, no doubt. But people should not have corns. I do it inadvertently, and feel sorry when they squeal. I do not desire to tread on anyone's corns, and I have come to the conclusion that one pretty good way to avoid it is not to send this paper to anyone who does not pay for it. If anyone likes it well enough to pay a dollar for it, that is a pretty good indication that he is interested in it whether he believes everything it says or not.

So, with regrets to my complimentary subscribers, I will bid them a kindly and affectionate adieu. If any of them have a dollar burning their pockets we may meet again.—The Reasoner, Jan. 9, 1902.

Exactly my sentiments, Brother Tuley!

"He was the greatest man of the century," said Mr. Smiley, a veteran Silver Crown mining man, last night, referring to Professor Charles Washington Wynn, the Denver gold wizard who died suddenly Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Smiley knew Prof. Wynn and had tested his famous process for the extraction of gold and seemed to be thoroughly convinced of the importance of the discovery that shook the mining world from one end to the other a few days ago.

Mr. Smiley said that the rock with which he saw the Wynn process tested came from a prospect at Silver Crown. The ore looked all right, and according to all indications should have been rich in gold, but fire assays absolutely failed to show the slightest value in the yellow metal. Assay after assay was made, always with the same result, not even a trace of gold was returned.

Hearing of Prof. Wynn's claims for his process the owners of the Silver Crown property decided to try him with their puzzling ore. The result was a button representing gold to the amount of \$208 for each ton of the rock.

Whether or not the Wynn process was lost with the death of its discoverer is as yet unknown, but a full description of the formula for the making of his chemical compound is believed to be on deposit in a Denver bank. His partners are also believed to know how the magic fluid is manufactured.—Denver Exchange.

Christ speaks of the salt, and the salt is of a threefold nature. Gold is of a threefold nature, and there is an ethereal, a fluid and a material gold. It is the same gold, only in three different states, and gold in one state may be made into gold in another state. But such mysteries should not be divulged, because the skeptic and scoffer will not be able to comprehend it, and to him who is covetous they will be a temptation.—Johannes Teitheim.

One subscriber upon renewing his subscription writes me that "the only fault he can find with the Journal is that it is too long between drinks!"

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